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Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

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VOLUME XXX.

IRONTON, MO., THURSDAY, JANUARY 21 1897

NUMBER 30.

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Monday in February, May, August and No-
vember.

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School at 9:30 A. M. and Select Reading at 4
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IRONTON LODGE, No. 244, K. C.
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meets every Monday at its hall, corner Main
and Madison streets. A. RIEKE, N. G. H.
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O. O. F., meets on the first and third Thurs-
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A. F. & A. M., meets at Masonic Hall, corner
Main and Madison streets, Saturday of
preceding full moon. W. R. EDGAR, W.
M. MANN KINGS, Secretary.

MIDIAN CHAPTER, No. 71, R. A.
meets at the Masonic Hall on the first and
third Tuesdays of each month, at 7 P. M.
P. AKE, M. E. H. P. W. R. EDGAR, Secre-
tary.

VALLEY LODGE, No. 1870,
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Wednesday evenings. W. W. HAY-
WOOD, D. R. E. PURKISS Re-
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F. & A. M. (colored), meets on the second
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IRON POST, No. 346, G. A. R.
meets on the 2d Saturday of each
month at 2 P. M.
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JNO. ALBERT, Adj't.

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Veterans, meets every 1st and 3d Saturday
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evening for drill. C. C. DINGERS,
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MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA,
Camp No. 3755, meets on the first and third
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From Tarheeliana.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., JAN. 12, 1897.
How laziness grows upon the human
make-up divine! For fully thirty
years the writer had his nose upon the
industrial grindstone, with scarcely
a week's intermission at any one time,
and the gristle upon his proboscis had
become so toughened and callous that
he believed that never again could the
porphyry of the revolving wheel bring
discomfort or disgust to his abnormal
nature. Yet, here, after an intermis-
sion of two short, fleeing months, I
pick up my unwilling Faber (by courtesy
so called; in reality, a Federal, No. 2,
filched from a too confiding ac-
quaintance of the Asheville Custom
House) only at the eleventh hour. The
blank tablet is a reproach unheeded
from Tuesday evening until Monday
night, when its ornamentation is re-
luctantly begun. 'Tis said that "all
work and no play makes Jack a dull
boy;" in the converse follows, it occurs
to me there ought to be great corrup-
tion in these pages. Lack of it may
be safely laid to the perverting fingers
of the "intelligent compositor," who
will generally have his way, despite
proof, correction, rhyme or reason. I
advert to this only as a general fact;
not because I have reason for special
complaint.

In company with a Federal ac-
quaintance above incidentally alluded to,
I climbed the steep ascent to Battery
Park Hotel last Sunday, just after sun-
set. The hill is so named because,
once upon a time during the family
quarrel which we all now solemnly
swear we have entirely forgotten, a
Confederate battery was stationed
thereon. From this position of van-
tage, shot, and shell, in profusion,
were tossed to the friends in blue, located
on another rise in convenient prox-
imity, who no doubt warmly returned
the compliments thus extended. We
don't know which side got tired first;
but happily there's no battery there
now, and the scene from the crest of
the hill is calm, peaceful and pleasant;
and, in place of the guns, an elegant
hotel dispenses codfish, potato and
other balls on demand. It being a
\$5-a-day hostelry, Boston baked beans
and a Boston orchestra give tone and
zest to the surroundings and strive
with the ozone for possession of the
atmosphere.

But the beauty of the scene unrolled
from the summit of Battery Park! It
is far beyond my power to fittingly de-
scribe it. The sun had set, and the
few clouds that hung in the west were
beautifully tinted and colored by the
afterglow—from the darkest purple
through all the gradations of color to
the brightest, richest crimson. So
great was the beauty of the heavenly
landscape that the grosser attractions
of terra firma underneath commanded
for the moment but a passing atten-
tion. Yet these, under ordinary con-
ditions, deserved and would have re-
ceived the admiration of the lover of
terrestrial beauty and grandeur. The
whole city, itself on a plateau 2400
feet above the sea-level, lay at our
feet. We even looked down on Bil-
more—the Vanderbilt chateau—and
plainly saw its towers and spires three
miles away. The haze of evening
shrouded hill, mountain and valley, in
indistinct outline, adding to rather
than detracting from the enchantment
of the scene. Far off in front, towered
Pizgah, 4,000 feet in air, and by its
side lay The Rat, so denominated from
the resemblance of its contour to the
form of the rodent household pest in
 repose. The long snout, the back,
and even the tail of the animal is per-
fectly silhouetted against the blue sky.
To the right is a gap leading from the
seemingly inextricable labyrinth of
mountain peaks, through which flows
the French Broad, and the Southern
Railway seeks outlet to regions be-
yond. The whole forms a picture of
exceeding beauty at all times, but that
evening, wrapped in the radiance of
the after-glow, and shaded in other
parts by the rising mists, its loveliness
was inexpressible; and, as I said at
the start, its description shall not be
attempted, nor its perfectness marred
by the unskilled touch of my crude
pen.

The Battery Park hotel is one of the
finest in Asheville—and that means in
the State. It is a magnificent pile of
buildings, of two wings joined together
in the form of the letter H, the cross-
bar in the H being formed by the din-
ing-room on the first floor with bed-
rooms in the succeeding stories. Its
dimensions are, roughly speaking,
about 225 by 150 feet. All that can
add to the comfort and pleasure of the
guests—saloon, billiard-room, ball-
room, etc.—may be found, luxurious-
ly appointed. As heretofore intimat-
ed, it is a high-toned establishment,
with prices as altitudinous as its loca-
tion. Its cuisine ought to be au fait,

but where's the country editor to as-
sume to sit in judgment upon a mat-
ter so high above him? I gazed in won-
dering admiration upon the outside of
the structure, but my pocket-book
knew its place better than to seek en-
trance for me within its sacred portals,
although 500 well-heeled guests may
find luxurious lodgment within its
meandering walls. 'Tis said that
plentiful as the waters of the beautiful
Swannanoa river, though not quite so
free. In fact the airs of heaven and the
Boston orchestra are said to be the
only pleasures enjoyed without money
and without price, and even these are
no doubt more or less represented in
the ordinary reckoning of mine host.
For all outlay must be reimbursed,
and, finally, he who breaks his fast
pays. There is an electric railway
leading from the railroad station, a
mile or so away, to the hotel. The
fare is twenty-five cents, but the man
who attempts to climb its crest, is sure
to think the charge reasonable indeed.
Electricity will knock out legs every
time, but the trolley must not miss con-
nection!

Just now the Old North State is in
the throes of political overturning.
Last November the negroes, the Popu-
lists and the Republicans, combined,
captured the State and most of the
county governments. The Republican
Governor was inaugurated to-day, and
the legislature is in the control of the
unholy alliance formed between the
Republicans and Populists. Populism
seems to be out for the stuff and the
offices, and if I don't miss my guess
success will crown its efforts in both
directions. Pritchard, once a strong
free silverite, but last year a convert
to the gold standard, is a candidate for
United States Senator. Eighteen of
the Populist members of the legislature
have declared for him, and his elec-
tion seems certain—unless a higher
bidding comes upon the field. The
leading Populist paper of the State is
vigorous in its denunciations of the
self-seeking brethren, and promises of
disclosures of bribery and corruption
are freely tossed from paper to paper.
The broad and greasy hand of Mark
Hanna, holding \$2,000,000 unexpended
campaign funds, is over it all, if we
may credit the contending factions.
Principle seems to cut no figure what-
ever.

Here in Asheville the parties are
hard at work, for the spring elections
come on apace. The Republicans and
Democrats have club meetings weekly,
and the plot is duly thickening. As I
have before stated, this town is full to
overflowing with the colored element,
and that element, under the direction
of a corporal's guard of white Repub-
licans, seeks to capture the govern-
ment of the municipality. In conse-
quence, the white Democrats, who,
here as well as in most other localities,
are employers, have entered into a
league to exchange colored for white
labor. The Republicans threaten re-
turn upon such Democrats as are yet
picking up a living in the
minor political places. O, it's warm-
ing up, and by the time the May elec-
tion comes around red-hot will feebly
express its intensity!

Do you know what they call moon-
shining in this State? "Blockading!"
And this is said to be the blockading
of the State in the Union. I have picked
up some interesting data concerning
it, which may be given in future let-
ters to the REGISTER. E. D. A.

Treasury is carefully calculated. The
present surplus of \$128,000,000, exclu-
sive of the gold reserve, would have
been considered dangerously large a
few years ago. It is now, however,
to be raised by some \$200,000,000. In
this way the \$346,000,000 of legal ten-
der notes can be collected and stored
away in the Treasury.

The result will be a tremendous con-
traction of the currency. This is ex-
actly what the Eastern capitalists
want. Naturally they prefer this prac-
tical scheme to any reforms which in-
volve the substitution of national bank
notes or anything else for the legal
tenders. The latter are to be retired
almost as absolutely as if they were
called in and destroyed.

The scheme, which is openly com-
mended in the East, is the most auda-
cious violation of pledges committed
by a political party. It is a fitting ac-
companiment of the outrageous oppres-
sion of the people for the tariff
trusts.—K. C. Times.

The Gloom in Madrid.

The prolonged hesitation of the Gov-
ernment to remove Weyler and the
poor prospect of doing anything in Cu-
ba while he is in command, combine to
produce discouragement at the Span-
ish capital.

The striking fact for us is the feel-
ing, which is evidently gaining ground
in many quarters, that American inter-
vention is now only a question of time,
that Spain is at the end of her resour-
ces, and that the hundreds of thou-
sands of men and hundreds of millions
of dollars she has poured into Cuba
are inadequate to put down the revolt.

The Spanish navy cannot prevent
supplies from being landed for the pa-
triot; the Spanish army cannot clear
the hills of Pinar del Rio; the Cubans
cross and recross both the trochas,
and these enormously costly fortified
lines seem to be little more than traps
for keeping Spanish troops in garrison.
A few weeks ago Weyler could find no
enemy in Pinar del Rio, but now that
his elaborate movements have pro-
duced nothing, it is only necessary to
send out a reconnaissance in order to
find patriot troops attacking it, or to
despatch a provision train in order to
expose it to a raid.

Two and a half months of the new
campaign have passed, and in another
month two years of the war will have
been completed, with the patriots
stronger than ever. Such for Spain
is the gloomy prospect. Before long
the intervention of the United States
to procure peace on the basis of Cuban
independence, so expected and dread-
ed, may be secretly welcomed by Spain.—N. Y. Sun.

Grant at the Battle of Monterey.

The following, in reference to Grant
at the battle of Monterey is taken from
Judge Emerson's Life of Grant now
being published in the Midland Month-
ly.

On the 19th day of September,
1846, General Taylor's army, six thou-
sand five hundred strong, was en-
camped at Walnut Springs, only three
miles from Monterey. Lieutenant
Grant, as quartermaster and commis-
sary, was ordered—and it was his duty—to remain in charge of his quartermaster's train and the army supplies.
The train was packed, and the camp
guarded and protected by a few com-
panies detailed for that duty.

They were up in the foot-hills of the
Sierra Madre Mountains, more than
two thousand feet above the sea. A
pass in the mountains, through which
the main road leading to the City of
Mexico ran, opened between the high,
rocky battlements of this formidable
barrier. Out from these mountains
and through this pass, flowed the cool,
bright waters of the Rio San Juan de
Monterey river. On this stream, at
the entrance to this pass and under
the shadow of these mountains, stand-
ed the beautiful city of Monterey.

On those bright September days the
cathedral spires, the bright colors of
the public buildings, and the shimmer
from metal roof and gilded crosses on
the bishop's palace, made Monterey,
in the eyes of the invaders, a delightful
and dazzling spectacle.

Polished cannon frowned from forts
on every height around the city and
swept every approach with shot and
shell, grape and canister; and though
it was defended by ten thousand men
under the brave and intrepid General
Ampudia, yet it must be attacked and
captured, if there was bravery enough
in the American army to perform so
daring a deed.

Batteries were planted by our engi-
neers, and the army moved into posi-
tion to attack.

The next morning the batteries
opened upon the forts, and volleys of
musketry, and shot and shell, belched
forth from every frowning fort, and

from every improvised attacking bat-
tery, until the earth shook with its
thunders and the heavens were lurid
with its blaze.

The infantry was creeping up into
every point of vantage for the coming
assault. The enemy's "Black Fort"
was alike the formidable defense and
the dangerous object of attack. Grant's
Fourth Infantry was in position in
front of, and awaiting orders to assault,
this fort, in defiance of its terrific and
death-dealing fire. He was on duty in
camp with his train of precious sup-
plies, out danger, and where it was
technically his duty to remain.

But the fury of the cannonade
aroused the Scotch blood in young
Grant, and he buckled on his sword,
threw his pistol holsters over the saddle,
mounted his horse and went gal-
loping over that three miles of separa-
ting distance between his safe camp
and the battle-torn slope in front of
Monterey. "Sheridan's Ride" was
not more swift or determined. He
rode into the storm of missiles that
were sweeping the slope, and, as the
bugle sounded the charge, he flew on
with the brave Fourth. As soon as
they emerged from the depression,
their ranks were torn by the fire from
the "Black Fort"; and, as they ad-
vanced, they were decimated by a very
storm of leaden hail from other enfil-
ading batteries and musketry; and a
third of that brave attacking force
were left dead or bleeding on that fa-
tal field. The survivors wheeled to
the left and escaped annihilation.
Lieutenant Grant was the only mount-
ed officer in the attack.

The charge had been improvidently
ordered. But though
"Some one had blunder'd,
Their not to make reply,
Their not to reason why,
Their but to do and die."

The adjutant of the regiment was
exhausted in marching and running,
and Grant gave him his horse, but he
was soon killed and Grant was ordered
to assume the duties of adjutant.

Observe how it happened! Grant
always appeared in demand to supply
emergencies, to fill positions where
high soldierly qualities were needed.
Now he filled three most responsible
positions requiring a clear head, great
executive ability, and prompt and de-
cisive qualities, namely, adjutant,
quartermaster and commissary; and
yet here he was away from his snug
quartermaster's tent, and as a volun-
teer, storming onward with his men,
sharing in the dangers and fury of bat-
tle!

For a pain in the chest a piece of
flannel dampened with Chamberlain's
Pain Balm and bound on over the seat
of the pain, and another on the back
between the shoulders, will afford
prompt relief. This is especially val-
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